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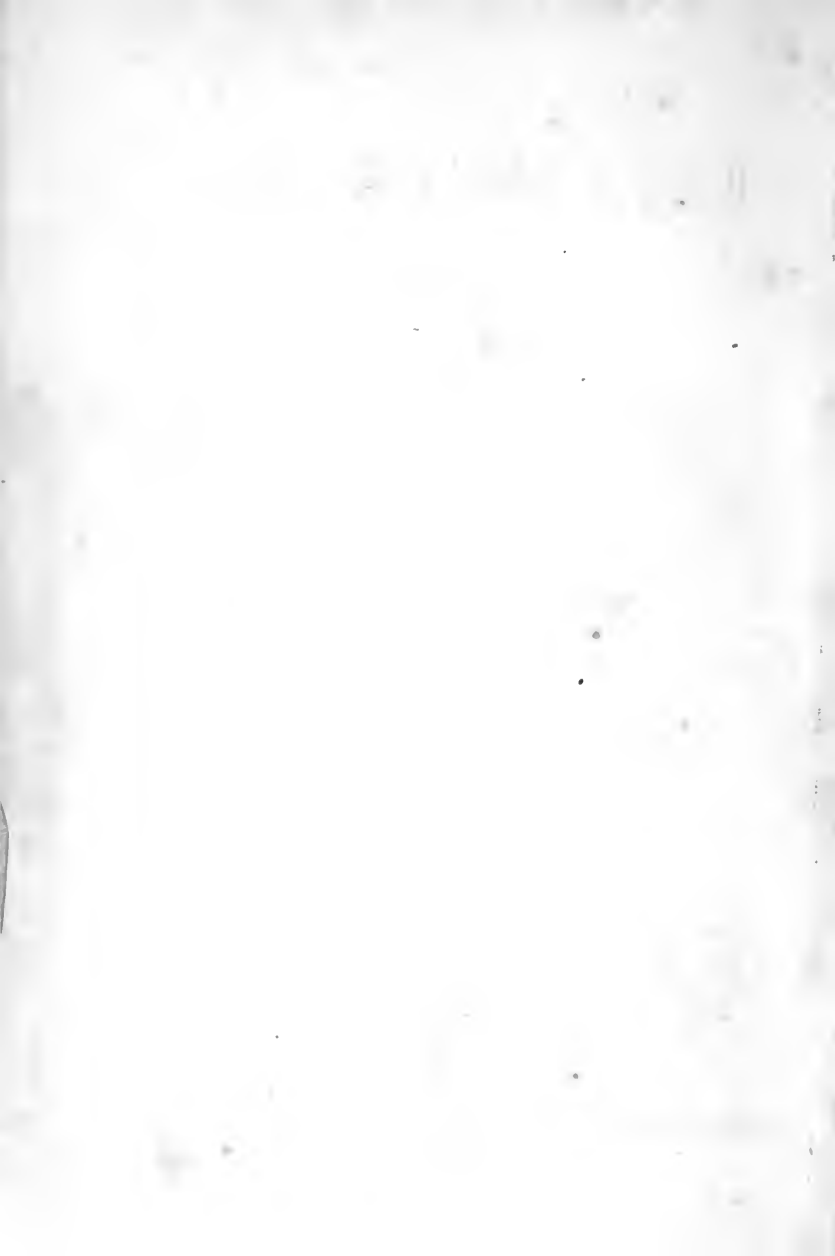
HAGAR & ISHMAEL
AND
OTHER POEMS

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HAGAR AND ISHMAEL:

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY J. M. L.,

AUTHOR OF

"SANDGATE," "ELLEN VANE," ETC.

LONDON:

HOPE & CO., 16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

1855.

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TO
HER HUSBAND,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.
BY
THE AUTHOR.

AUGUST, 1855.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

Poor Hagar ! yes, the child is born,
A joy to make thy bosom mourn ;
A son, for whom such prayers were given,
They reached at length the throne of Heaven;
And after years, when womankind
Have left their early hopes behind,
He comes to bless his mother's sight,
And glad her with a new delight.
His mother is a wedded dame,
Of state, and mightiness, and name ;
Egyptian handmaid thou to her,
Who did the accustomed right confer,
Of bearing to her childless spouse
The offspring, she then sought in vain :
What pleased once, now griefs arouse,—
Thy lovely boy's become her bane.
Thy mistress Sarah, Abraham's mate,
The fair youth views with jealous hate ;
Thy Ishmael, so loved of thee,
Long dreamed his father's heir to be,

And loved by him as parents love
 Who've only one their cares to prove.
 If broken waters glide along,
 Though deep each stream, each current strong,
 Their forces blended, straight shall be
 A raging torrent, till the sea
 Engulf it in her briny caves,
 There calm to rest beneath her waves.
 So when affections centred lie
 In one, they reach intensity
 Within the beating human breast,
 Until entombed its passions rest.
 But now divided love prevails,
 And Ishmael the cause bewails.
 He sees his infant brother placed
 Above himself, himself disgraced ;
 And when his rising heart rebels,
 Stern Sarah's ire his spirit quells,
 For she is lady of them all,
 And rules her slaves with iron thrall ;
 Or meets him with a frowning brow,
 His sire, ne'er frowning met till now.
 Hast marked some tender blooming flower,
 Full opened to the summer's ray,
 When clouds arise and darkening lower,
 Turn drooping from the change away ?
 So, saddened with the silent wound,
 The youth's bright spirit sank in gloom ;
 He oft in secret tears was found,
 Anticipating evil doom.

But though suppressed his grief of heart,
 It rankling showed its bitter smart,
 In words of mockery and scorn,
 To him, his brother, better born.
 Three annual courses now had run,
 Since Isaac's days had first begun,
 The still untiring, changeless sun ;
 Thrice had the spring's awakening breath
 Called life from Nature's seeming death ;
 Thrice had the summer's roses blown,
 Their scents upon the breezes flown ;
 Thrice humid autumn spread her store
 Of grain upon the threshing floor ;
 And thrice the wintry torrents ta'en
 Their turbid way o'er Paren's plain ;
 And Abraham made feasting high,
 With pomp and great solemnity.
 The roasted kid and wheaten cake,
 His host encamped with joy partake,
 Whilst stony pitchers are replete
 With milk of camels fresh and sweet ;
 No longer now, with pressing cheek,
 Shall Isaac that dear fountain seek,
 With life and love together flowing—
 A mother's breast so purely glowing.
 No more could Sarah bear to see
 Between the boys equality,
 Nor bondmaid's son to hope should dare
 Her son's inheritance to share,
 Perchance, as eldest born, to be
 More bless'd and honoured e'en than he.

She urged with all a woman's wiles,
 This time in tears, and now in smiles,—
 With all the force her feelings lent,
 On one sole object all intent,—
 That Hagar should an outcast roam,
 Nor longer make their tents her home;
 And Ishmael should banished flee
 The place of his nativity.
 Oft Abraham in grief consented,
 As oft again his heart relented
 And of the cruel grant repented.
 Of Sarah's words he owned the truth,
 But, then, he dearly loved the youth.
 By thoughts contending sore oppress'd,
 Vainly, one night, he sought for rest;
 His weary head from side to side
 Sought its perplexity to hide
 In sleep—sweet balm to mortal ill,
 A death to sense, yet living still;
 When on the darkness came a sound,
 Which answer in the echo found,
 A sound as when, with sudden shock,
 Sea waves are dashed against the rock,
 Or when the clouds, by lightning riven,
 Have forth their rolling thunders driven.
 It ceased, and then within him rose
 A solemn, calm, yet glad repose;
 Though still his waking mind was free
 On thought to dwell, or thought to flee.
 So feels the wretch late fever-tossed
 When first the dreaded barrier's crossed,

And life o'er death, with wrestling done,
 Triumphant rests, the victory won.
 The Almighty's presence drawing near,
 In awe he felt, unmixed with fear ;
 For oft the sacred tones he'd heard,
 Oft listed to His spoken word ;
 And thus God now—"Weep not the lad,
 But rather let thy heart be glad,
 Nor grievous seem it in thy sight
 That Hagar parts, for so 'tis right.
 Harken thou, Abr'am, unto her,
 Thy wife, and to her voice defer,
 Nor 'gainst her be thy spirit galled.
 In Isaac shall thy seed be called ;
 Of Ishmael I, too, will make
 A nation for his father's sake.
 Then ere broad daylight has unfurled
 Her banner o'er the waking world,
 Arise, and forth lead son and mother
 To seek a distant land together."
 God ceased, and heavenwards fragrant went
 A sound like west winds, summer sent,
 Which violets have their perfume lent.
 From night's embrace the earliest ray
 Is faintly struggling into day ;
 Fresh, cooling breezes still are playing,
 The parchéd desert's heat allaying ;
 And scarcely breathes there anywhere
 A sound upon the shadowed air ;
 When lo ! from out his tent advancing,
 A troubled look around him glancing,

The patriarch leads forth his son,
 This the last time he'll look upon,
 And strives to check the downward flow
 Of aged tears, that large and slow
 Fall trickling his white beard below.
 His hand the youth's fair head impresses,
 Bids him farewell, and sadly blesses.
 Then calls for the Egyptian slave,
 And bids her, with an aspect grave,
 Take with her son a distant way,
 Far from his flocks and herds to stray;
 Away from where his camels browse,
 Away to roam, away to house.
 Of bread she took, and water slung
 In kid skin, o'er her shoulder hung;
 And with her boy, poor Hagar left,
 (Of all but love of him bereft),
 The tents, where she so long had dwelt—
 Where first to God in prayer she knelt—
 Where first her child had seen the light—
 Her Ishmael in beauty bright;
 There earliest his steps had bounded,
 His earliest accents there had sounded,
 There to youth had grown, her pride,
 Dearer than all on earth beside.
 And now to quit his fatherland
 Gone forth they are, and, hand in hand,
 Beersheba's wild they wander o'er
 And weary tread its burning floor—
 Weary seek where plantain's shade
 A verdant spot of herbage made;

Before, around them, every side,
 Spread the unfriendly desert wide ;
 Above, the blazing, blistering sun,—
 They powerless its rage to shun.
 Young Ishmael grows sick and faint,
 And who shall Hagar's horror paint,
 When to his lips the flask she bent,
 She finds each drop of water spent ?
 Had she denied herself in vain
 Through every throb of thirsty pain ?
 Kept it for this within her shade,
 Through every heavy footstep made,
 To have the greedy sun at last
 Make of their lonely hope repast ?
 All faintly now, as giddy falls,
 The boy upon his mother calls,
 " Oh, give me water or I die
 Beneath this glaring, dazzling sky ;
 One drop to ease this burning glow,
 One drop to cool my bursting brow !"
 Despairing looks she casts around,
 In agony retreads the ground ;
 She can but see the extended wild,
 She can but list her moaning child ;
 She nowhere sees the wished-for stream,
 No shelter from the scorching beam.
 Beneath a shrub that lowly grew
 Her pale, exhausted child she drew,
 And then retiring left his side,
 Her agony of heart to hide ;

And, lifting up her voice, she wept,
 While still on him her gaze she kept—
 “Oh! let me not behold his death,
 Not hear his sigh of parting breath;
 ’Tis I should first be called away,
 And he for long behind me stay;
 He stay his children’s young to see,
 And then ’twere time he followed me—
 But now, in earliest youth to die,
 Ah, me! what woe and misery!”
 And lo! a voice came on the wind—
 The cooling wind now fresh and kind;
 An angel’s wing had stirred the air,
 An angel’s voice now cheers despair.
 “From Eden’s gate, on ray of light,
 To earth I took my downward flight;
 For voice of anguish reached the sphere,
 Where dwells nor care, nor pain, nor fear—
 A woman’s voice, all soft and mild,
 She suffering for her suffering child;
 That child is one beloved of Heaven,
 To whom, on earth, high things are given.
 Then, Hagar, turn thy wishful eyes,
 Behold where waters pure arise!
 Refresh him from the living fount,
 While from his life shall myriads count.”
 More gladly than can language tell,
 Hopeful she hastened to the well,
 The liquid boon full soon conveyed
 To Ishmael, his thirst allayed.

She then both brow and feet bedewed,
 Until, with health and strength renewed,
 Again they track the solitude.
 So when hot summer suns prevail,
 Chasing the clouds afar,
 The lily hangs her blossoms pale,
 Failing beneath the star ;
 But when the mists of evening rise,
 And fresh'ning dews abound,
 She opes her flowers to the skies,
 And breathes perfume around.
 In Paren's wilderness dwelt they,
 And Ishmael grew from day to day ;
 The desert's lonely space was all
 That they could home and country call.
 In calm simplicity were passed
 Succeeding years revolving fast ;
 An archer he, with bended bow,
 Could food secure or tame a foe ;
 Until, arrived at manhood's hour,
 Awoke that strange, mysterious power,
 Ruffling the quiet of his breast
 With heaving sighs and dark unrest.
 No more the twanging bow he drew,
 No more the javelin dexterous threw ;
 But oft, in heavy, fitful mood,
 Listless he trod the solitude,
 Nor sought that one companion's side,
 His only friend and faithful guide.
 But nature's instinct, more than art,
 Teaches the language of the heart ;

It taught that mother how to read
From whence these unspoke griefs proceed ;
With insight she alert discerned
For dearer love his bosom yearned—
For love that hopes through life to stay
Joint traveller of the troublous way.
To Egypt's land has Hagar wended,
(This last care o'er, her duties ended),
A wife from out her land to bring—
A wife round Ishmael's heart to cling,
And bid the vulture care take wing.
Of Ishmael's wedded life to tell,
Of good that happed or ill befell,
Is not within my purpose now ;
Enough—a progeny we know
Was his, and throve by God's command,
Peopling that wild and desert land ;
In time a nation they became,
And mighty—Ishmaelites by name.

WILLIAM AND MARY:

A Ballad.

A SIMPLE tale I have to tell
Of love, of hope, and youth,
And of the events which once befel
Two lovers, loved in truth.

Now William Dorcas cared for nought
Save Mary Day's soft eye ;
For death's cold arms had early caught
Those still in memory ;

And lonely he, if not for her
So loving heart and kind ;
And from her smile you might infer
That he was to her mind.

It lighted up when he drew nigh,
Her eyes like jewels bright ;
The roses to her cheek would fly,
Like pearls her teeth gleam white.

And Mary with her mother dwelt,
 In humble, quiet life ;
 There, where her infancy had knelt,
 Will wooed her for his wife.

A merchant's clerk he only was,
 Not worldly well to do :
 Except the wealth a true heart has,
 His riches were but few.

And he had loved his Mary now
 For three long happy years :
 Right pleasantly such seasons go
 If void of cares or fears.

But Mary she had twenty seen,
 And William twenty-three,
 When he began to think, I ween,
 That they could happier be.

Alas ! we mortals little know
 What ills may lie in store ;
 Ne'er satisfied with aught below,
 Our hopes we cast before.

It chanced that, having lately ta'en
 Advancement in his state,
 At once with Mary he would fain
 For ever join his fate.

'Twas in the sweet and early spring
 Before the trees are green,
 Just when the birds begin to sing,
 And primroses are seen.

The sun, within his golden bed,
 Was sinking in the west,
 Whilst still his setting beams he shed
 To light the world to rest.

Oh! soothing hour, when softest fall
 Soft words upon the ear;
 Oh! dreaming hour that can recall
 Those words through many a year.

They echo through the memory
 Like lone steps down an aisle,
 And hallowed in the heart they lie
 As saints 'neath holy pile.

The morning brings refreshed hope
 And expectation bright;
 The day to action offers scope,
 To rest the weary night.

But this is all the lover's hour,
 Half sad, half stilly eve,
 When of the day each closing flower
 In sweetness takes its leave.

And William strolled with Mary, where
 Was lost the hum of town,
 Among the meadows green and fair;
 All nature seemed their own.

Agreed it was that they should be
 In four weeks man and wife,
 And now they wish their wants to see
 Ere entering on new life.

And Mary's mother was to share
 Their roof, for she was old ;
 Nor could she well her daughter spare,
 As Mary William told.

A small abode they'd seen that day
 Did all they wished supply ;
 It in a little garden lay,
 Though London it was nigh.

Alone it stood, and prettily,
 With trees and fields about ;
 A rose-bush wound quite daintily
 The green porch in and out.

And fancy made this homely bower
 The shrine of many a gem—
 The crown of love's triumphant power,
 The heart's rich diadem.

Alas ! how often fancy tells
 A tale which ne'er comes true ;
 But dauntless still she weaves her spells—
 These fade, she offers new.

Now when they came their wealth to count,
 Though simple wants were theirs,
 They still exceed the gold's amount,
 And leave them in arrears.

But William soon bethought him how
 To meet this present strait ;
 A friend he had, to whom he'd go
 That evening ere too late.

“That friend, my dear, is Stephen Fenn,
 And he'll advance a loan,
 Which we'll repay the moment when
 We have that sum our own.”

Now Mary knew not why, but she
 Felt strong and strange regret
 That William should his debtor be,
 Whom only once she'd met.

But overruled her scruples were,
 And William left her side
 With joy, to seek the dwelling where
 Fenn liv'd, light hope for guide.

And where he sought, he found his friend,
 Soon told his present need,
 And said, if twenty pounds he'd lend,
 It would be help indeed.

He thought, from Stephen's puzzled air,
 This friend he deemed so kind
 Was either not prepared to spare,
 Or not to lend inclined.

At once he begged him to forget
 His wish inopportune ;
 Said he, no doubt, could elsewhere go
 The aid he wanted soon.

But Stephen said, “Oh, no, my lad,
 To-morrow it is thine,
 And should be now if here I had
 It in possession mine.”

To-morrow came, and William too,
 Where Fenn his bread did win,
 Who from his desk the sum withdrew
 In notes that lay within.

But when the other would indite
 Acknowledgment for this,
 Then Stephen said, 'twas nonsense quite,
 For what he had was his.

“ Just pay me when you like and can,
 No hurry is there yet ;
 For little risk there'll ever be
 That you'll deny the debt.”

Ere William fit reply had fram'd,
 His friend was called away ;
 At once with pen the loan he nam'd,
 And wrote receipt and day.

.

'Tis later by three weeks and more
 Than when this tale began,
 The trees are greener than before,
 The day has longer span ;

A clearer, brighter sky is seen,
 The clouds take higher flight,
 More soft and balmily serene
 The breathing of the night ;

The lark a richer cadence pours,
 The heavens with it ring,
 Whilst high in circuits up he soars
 On still untiring wing.

The daisies pink do now incline
 To ope their starry rays,
 And bright the yellow celandine
 On banks its form displays.

The gusty winds of March are still'd,
 Away that winter blew,
 And April showers the streams have fill'd
 To greet fair May anew.

The mother and her daughter wait,
 The board for tea is spread ;
 They wait for William, who is late,
 And Mary droops her head.

A sadness o'er her spirits hung,
 They lack'd their usual play ;
 A weight unto her feelings clung
 She could not drive away.

The day had been a heavy one,
 The clouds incessant wept,
 And down before the smiling sun
 Their falling veil had kept.

Her mother strove the gloom to chase
 O'ershadowing the brow,
 Which pleasant smiles were wont to grace,
 But which were banished now ;

When Mary to her asking eye,
 That seemed some cause to seek
 For anxious look and frequent sigh,
 Did thus her troubles speak :

“ I know ’tis foolish, mother dear,
 Such trifles should annoy,
 And that ’tis weak from dreams to fear
 An end to present joy ;

“ But so disturbed my sleep last night
 With visions was, and dread
 Of grief and danger, that in fright
 To thee I near had fled.

“ I dreamed of rock, and stormy wave,
 And angry faces frowning ;
 William, so pale, I could not save,
 Although I saw him drowning.

“ I tried in vain to shriek aloud,
 In vain my limbs to move ;
 (For I myself seemed in a shroud,
 And death against me strove.)

“ At length I woke ; my cheek was wet
 With tears in sleeping shed.
 The day is done, but not e’en yet
 Is the impression fled.

“ And William is not here, you see—
 What can his steps detain ?
 ’Tis not like him thus late to be :
 His absence gives me pain.”

Perchance the mother had forgot,
 In expectation's hour
 How torn and tossed the soul, and what
 The force of passion's power.

Perchance, indeed, she ne'er had known—
 For there be such, I deem,
 Who glide through life quite calmly on
 As cool and tranquil stream.

And happy such! they turn aside
 And wind obstruction round;
 With sweet philosophy they bide
 The end where all are bound.

For what avails the torrent's roar,
 Its foam that rocks o'er-brave?
 How high its sparkling spray may soar,
 It meets the selfsame grave.

But Nature's impulse governs all,
 And urges forward still
 To rush and leap like mountain fall,
 Or wind as valley rill.

Will came at length the tale to tell,
 How he had been detained
 By him who had the house to sell,
 Which now he had obtained.

As rose, by shower drooping made,
 Uprises to the sun,
 His presence from the tear-charged maid
 Her smile again had won.

And soon 'neath fancy's gilded lock
 Their minds entrancéd lay,
 When lo ! a sharp, loud single knock
 Drove pleasing thoughts away.

Now heavy steps are on the stair,
 The door flung open wide ;
 Surprised looked up the startled pair,
 Still sitting side by side.

A stranger through the darkness came
 To where the lamp burnt bright.
 "If William Dorcas is your name,
 And they've informed me right,

"Then you my prisoner are, you see,
 By this my warrant good,
 And so at once must come with me,"
 He said, scarce understood.

But William first to Mary turned
 And smiled with heartfelt cheer,
 As though with ridicule he spurned
 What shook her soul with fear.

"'Tis nothing, Mary, love," he said,
 "It can be nothing, dear ;
 Some strange mistake this man has made,
 As shortly must appear."

.

False hope deecitfully led on
 Through many thorny ways,
 Scattering flowrets thereupon,
 And day-dreams brilliant rays.

Time winged his staid, unerring flight,
 Left days and nights that died,
 And these their stamp of mind and might,
 Which still his scythe defied.

A gloomy prison, sad abode,
 Contains poor William now,
 When dawned the day his Mary should
 As bride have veiled her brow.

How changed the day ! how changed the hour
 Imagination drew !—
 Where's the bride and where the bower ?
 The wedding plight so true ?

The sun in all its glory shone,
 It made his cell more dim ;
 The unwashed floor it fell upon,
 Look still more blank and grim.

The homely chirping sparrow threw
 Its flitting shadow there.
 Why should such trifle grief renew ?
 Why add a pang to care ?

How oft, when e'en the heart is gay,
 A tone, a flower, or scent,
 Awakens something into day
 Which time to night had sent !

A chord vibrates with mystic powers
 'Twixt past and present time ;
 The dead with life are mixed in ours,
 In unison they chime.

'Tis not a thought, 'tis scarcely e'en
 The shadow of a thought ;
 You can't recall the shade we mean,
 It comes and goes unsought.

'Tis not alone a memory,
 A mental revelation ;
 The soul, in its intensity,
 Recalls the past sensation.

But Mary's soothing visit came,
 And lulled his aching heart ;
 Wild grief her presence rendered tame,
 Her voice bade woe depart.

A weary month away had passed,
 Each week a weary year,
 When came the trial day at last,
 How full of hope and fear !

Within the court the counsel were,
 The judge and jury all,
 And William what the laws declare
 Awaits—the gaoler's thrall.

For forgery he stood arraigned,
 He of the noble mind.
 The notes that he from Fenn obtained,
 The loan he thought so kind,

Were forged by that all-treacherous friend,
 Who now the loan denied ;
 Vain was each effort to defend,
 And proof the truth defied.

For witnesses, with sland'ring word
 And falsely swearing tongue,
 With strange credulity were heard
 The assembled twelve among.

Within that close and crowded place
 Two female forms were seen,
 One aged, and one with fair young face
 And sadly anxious mien.

With trembling heart poor Mary fear'd
 (The case so hard went on);
 When she the jury's verdict heard,
 She fell, and life seemed gone.

The awful word resounded through
 The caverns of her brain ;
 Like lightning flash that "guilty" flew,
 And sense put out with pain.

And he who stood within the dock,
 In spite of man's decree,
 Had honour stamped on every look,
 Now torn with agony.

Transported was his youth to be
 From home, from hope, from her
 Whom he had thought his bride to see,
 Who now lay fainting there.

'Twas said, 'twas done, one little word
 Two living worlds had changed ;
 Fled cherished dreams as it was heard,
 Unmeaning and estranged.

But one thing still the same remained :
 Their truthful, fervent love,
 Through bitter grief their life sustained,
 Upheld them shame above.

.

The summer, now in verdure clad,
 Made leafy pleasant shade,
 The burning beams the day-god shed,
 But deeper shadows made.

Upon the shining river lay
 A vessel full of woe,
 The breezes 'midst the rigging play
 And sway it to and fro.

Within that ship are parting sighs
 For old-remembered scenes,
 To which the heart unconscious flies,
 On which for solace leans.

And friends (forgotten in the strife,
 The noisy daily broil,
 That waits on anxious, guilty life,
 And makes that life a toil)

Return upon the memory now,
 Decked forth in tenderest hue,
 And soften tears unused to flow,
 With child-thoughts they renew.

It was a convict ship that rocked
 Upon the wavelets there,
 All dancing bright, as though they mocked
 That freighting of despair.

Her anchor weighs, the soft "yeo yea"
 Breaks to the nearer shore,
 It tolls a knell of life and day
 To one heart's inmost core.

Too sad to dwell on grief so deep,
 Enough ! she loved him well,
 Tears, check'd by day, her pillow steep,
 No words her sorrow tell.

But oh ! how changed in weeks how few,
 That blooming face so fair ;
 Those tears discharged the rose's hue,
 And left the lily's there.

But wholesome duties kindly claim
 Exertion, friend in grief !
 And hers soon arduous cares became,
 Yet brought to thought relief.

Her aged mother's feeble frame
 An illness weaker left,
 But cheerfully life's lingering flame
 Burnt on—of pain bereft.

But she would on her daughter lean
 More often than of yore—
 More often dozing in her chair was seen
 Than was her wont before.

The summer's past, the autumn gone,
 With all their leafy wealth,
 The flowers dead that one by one
 Gave up their scented breath.

And on its feathery wing has flown
 Each passing bird afar,
 To lands more genial than our own,
 Shunning its northern star.

And Nature weeps in drizzling sleet,
 And sighs through branches thin,
 Then spreads her snowy winding sheet
 To wrap the dead year in.

An orphan was our Mary when
 Closed in that mournful year,
 Her filial cares were ended then
 With many a heart-drawn tear.

.

And now the summer sheds again
 Its joyous life around;
 And with each feathered warbler's strain
 Again the woods resound.

Once more the blushing rose unveils
 Her beauties to the sun ;
 Again the song of nightingales
 Awakes when day is done.

Again the autumn's come and past,
 Again the winter cold,
 And then a letter came at last
 Which news of William told ;

How he upon the passage had
 The captain's life preserved,
 When rose that felon crew so bad,
 All mutinously nerved ;

That this reported home had been,
 With grateful praise and kind ;
 And how an insight clear and keen
 His innocence opined.

Thenceforth his lot was better far
 Than fear had taught to dread ;
 Were she but there—his brightening star—
 'Twould seem like home indeed.

For light the tasks to him enjoined
 Of writing, keeping books ;
 To loss of all he was resigned
 But her so cherished looks.

Ah ! who that's felt of love the power
 But knows what it will dare,
 Seeking in danger's darkest hour
 The loved one's fate to share—

More satisfied with pain and woe,
 Partaken with that one,
 Than all the world could else bestow,
 Divided and alone?

Now primroses, all crowding pale
 Bedeck the hedge-row bare ;
 And now the cowslip of the vale
 Lifts up her clusters fair.

The glorious sun is shining bright,
 And cloudless is the sky,
 And freshening are the breezes light,
 As buoyantly they fly.

They woo the waves to dance along,
 And laughing lave the shore ;
 They fill the sails and sing among
 The tackle aft and fore.

And Mary now has left the land—
 The land that gave her birth—
 Has left it for that distant strand,
 Where bides her all on earth.

Nor could she quit without a tear
 Her well-loved friends, though few—
 The watery waste without a fear
 Encounter, strange and new.

Her lonely bosom oft was sad,
 Her sinking heart oft faint,
 For fancy, sea-born dangers had
 With truth not failed to paint.

The gallant ship glides smoothly on,
 And soon are lost to sight
 The verdant shades of Albion,
 Her chalky cliffs so white.

Well manned that ship with hearty tars,
 A noble British crew,
 Which, as the mast and oaken spars,
 Were steady, firm, and true.

And now upon the open main,
 For many nights and morns,
 Around them spreads the ocean plain
 Which scarce a sail adorns.

And days, and weeks, and months they sail,
 A prosperous course they run,
 With now and then a passing gale,
 Which soon is come and gone.

Now one, within that sea-girt home,
 (The captain's mate was he),
 His freedom lost and had become
 Bound in love's slavery.

For Mary's gentle, saddened mien,
 Which first compassion won,
 As needing strength on which to lean,
 A heart to rest upon,

Had touched his spirit's inmost core,
 His tenderest thoughts bespoke ;
 But when she smiled on life once more,
 He loved past all revoke.

For ere some weeks were well gone by,
 Repose and breezes kind,
 With brightening hopes that onward fly,
 Left weeping grief behind.

Her colour bloomed upon her cheek,
 Her eyes again were bright,
 In cheerful tones her accents speak
 A bosom gay and light.

And now through Cancer Phœbus speeds
 In daily, hourly toil,
 The while beneath his flaming steeds
 The vapours cool recoil.

And night's pale queen in stillness rides
 Through her ethereal realm,
 From whence she bids the ocean tides
 The land to leave or whelm.

Now lulled is every whispering wind,
 And hushed each breeze's sigh,
 As though some spell their forces bind,
 Some genii hovering nigh.

Three days becalmed the vessel lay,
 Unmoving on the deep,
 Three nights beneath the silver ray
 Unstirred the waters sleep.

A fourth day broke, the noon arrived,
 Still, still that stagnant air ;
 They seemed almost of breath deprived,
 Beneath that sunny glare.

Now towards the gilded west declined
 The day star on his way,
 On deck was Mary, sad of mind,
 Watching his parting ray.

All listless as she outward gazed,
 Depression on her soul,
 The silence broke, on her amazed
 Softly these accents stole.

“Fair maiden, ere yon setting orb
 One hour has sunk to rest,
 Our safety will each thought absorb,
 A storm our vessel test.

“See’st thou yon distant speck of foam,
 Pale phantom of the deep?
 She beckons winds contending come
 And o’er its bosom sweep.

“I did not speak to chase the bloom
 From that dear face of thine,
 But, ere in peril, learn my doom,
 If happiness be mine.

“For ’gainst the tempest’s fiercest rage,
 The elemental war,
 No falt’ring combat shall I wage,
 With hope my guiding star.

“Since first thy features met mine eye,
 Since first thy voice mine ear,
 I felt for thee I’d gladly die,
 To meet no danger, fear.”

“Stay, stay!” she cried. “Oh, not to me
 Such touching words address,
 For nothing can I be to thee;
 I’m grieved to give distress.”

She saw his colour come and go,
 Upon his brow cold dew;
 Her own soft tears began to flow,
 As sadly he withdrew.

But so, she would not let him part,
 But soothing sought to heal
 The wound unknown she’d given his heart,
 For which she well could feel.

In shortest phrase her tale she told;
 But had her heart been free,
 She owned its pulse had not been cold
 To his sincerity.

But now a hasty summons came,
 (The breeze was felt at last),
 For him, the mate, (Fitzcarl his name),
 To meet the rising blast.

For on it came with quickened pace,
 As though to make amends
 For having lagged so long a space,
 And doubled forces sends.

The bulging waves, too, onward roll,
 With crested heads of spray,
 Delighting, as released from thrall,
 With wanton winds to play.

The sky that late so purely shone,
 With chasing clouds is dim,
 And night, ere day is scarcely done,
 Frowns dark in aspect grim.

The proud ship dashes o'er the wave,
 Or cleaves the foaming tide,
 Now plunges into watery cave,
 Now rearing mounts its side.

In vain each creaking cable strains,
 And vainly at the wheel
 The helmsman powerless remains,
 To guide the wayward keel.

Like racer, late in stall confined,
 When mounted first he be,
 Bolts, plunges, rears with impulse blind,
 Rejoicing to be free.

He disregards the tightened rein,
 He spurns the iron bit,
 Nor can the griping curb restrain,
 Or force him to submit.

Faster and faster came the gale,
 Louder and louder roared ;
 In tatters flew each riven sail,
 And groaned each oaken board.

The trembling hulk with quiv'ring mast,
 Like anguished mortal seems,
 Who dreams some ill approaching fast,
 And shivers as he dreams.

The lightnings flash, the thunder growls,
 The rain in torrents pours,
 Loud, loud and fierce the tempest howls,
 And ocean madly roars.

Unheard the captain's loud command
 The speaking trumpet through,
 And scarce can any sailor stand
 Of that benighted crew.

But still, while on the open sea,
 They may outride the night ;
 By Heaven they may protected be,
 Its power may guide them right.

What means that wild and thrilling scream,
 Piercing the noisy air?—
 Displayed by that last lightning's gleam,
 A rugged rock stands bare !

Straight on the ship is driving fast,
 Fast to that rocky head !
 Each moment now may be their last,
 And hope's for ever fled.

All helpless, some, with wild despair,
 Hard wring their hands and cry ;
 Some frantic tear their dripping hair,
 Maddened in misery.

Some few blasphemous, whilst many pray,
 For wife and child some weep,
 And some, to get from death away,
 Embrace him in the deep.

And Mary through this awful scene,
 Which well its end foretold,
 With panic fear had trembling been,
 And fainting now lies cold.

A sudden shock—the vessel's struck !
 A sudden, fearful shriek !
 Now some in swimming try their luck,
 To man the boats some seek.

Fitzearl then came to Mary's side ;
 His swimming-belt he brought,
 Which quickly round her form he tied,
 Then in his arms her caught.

She feebly tried to give again
 That saving gift of love,
 When, lo ! together in the main
 They rise its waves above.

He props her on his manly arm,
 He parts her tresses long,
 He strives away her fears to charm,
 And breasts the billows strong.

And now they near the stone-bound shore,
 Where opener seemed the strand ;
 But one shall never reach earth more,
 Ne'er rest again on land.

A splinter'd spar, ill-fated, drove
 (By force of waves adverse)
 Against that head which upward strove
 Their dangers to disperse.

Relaxed that firm, yet tender, clasp
 Which Mary's form enfolds;
 Whilst on Fitzearl Death fixed his grasp,
 And as his subject holds.

All weather-tossed and tiréd out,
 Nor sense nor sight remains,
 Unfelt the storm, unheard man's shout,
 But Mary life retains.

Borne on the waters of the deep,
 High up the sloping beach,
 Where, but full tides, the salt seas leap,
 Nor waves receding reach,

For hours unknown, she corpse-like lay;
 But morn o'er wearied night
 Expands, and Mary wakes to day—
 A day too sadly bright.

She starts at first, and looks around,
 Then shuts her aching eyes,
 Believes she's in a dream profound
 Of dazzling suns and skies.

But consciousness returns full soon,
 Which brings such cruel woe;
 More welcome is the torpid swoon
 That does not sorrow know.

The belt that still is girded on,
 Recalled each moment past;
 But surely she is not alone
 Upon the sea-shore cast?

Each way she looks, and strives to rise,
 But falls again to earth ;
 And then to call aloud she tries,
 But sound dies ere its birth.

At length, by frantic fear oppressed,
 She starts upon her feet,
 And, gaining strength the more distressed,
 The rocks her cries repeat.

Left by receding ocean there,
 Upon the sterile shore,
 The shattered wreck lay dry and bare,
 Upon its side turned o'er.

To it she rather flew than ran,
 In spite of weakness, pain,
 But when no voice replied, she 'gan
 Aloud to weep and 'plain.

In vain, in vain, poor maid, you call,
 All sleep their last, sound sleep ;
 The billow their funereal pall,
 Their coffin is the deep.

She hastened from the grievous sight,
 It looked so sad and dread,
 Without one soul to throw a light
 The living on or dead.

Some dismal hours were thus passed by—
 Such weary, weary time ;
 The sun declined in majesty,
 And rose again sublime.

Nor knew she if she slept or not ;
 But hunger gaunt and fell
 Compelled her wander from the spot,
 O'er rock and sandy dell.

At length that instinct bade her try
 To search the ship for food ;
 The ebbing tide had left it dry,
 Again as first it stood.

She clomb its side with wondrous ease,
 Her hunger made her wild ;
 Its ravening did so much increase,
 It would not now be foiled.

At length that first, fierce want supplied,
 Again she called on those,
 She daren't believe, had drowning died
 In waves that her enclose.

Oh! where was he who saved her life,
 Fitzcarl so good and kind ?
 Had he escaped that watery strife,
 And left her all behind ?

He might have roamed some distance on,
 Awakening hopes suggest,
 In search of boats perchance had gone,
 Or house in which to rest.

Bright days shone on, and clearest skies
 Were mirrored in the deep,
 Now calm, as inland water lies
 Which hills protected keep.

The liquid crystal ebbed and flowed,
 And caught a roseate hue
 From coral caves that under glowed,
 And sparkled ocean through.

And on the land were rugged grots
 Of quaintest, strangest form,
 Offering deep shade from sun—cool spots—
 Or shelter from the storm.

Not far from where the vessel lay,
 A river spent its store,
 Disbursing to the briny bay
 Its treasures evermore.

While still progresses time along,
 Regardless of her grief,
 Lone hours upon lone hours still throng
 Till custom brings relief.

A rising hill, some mile or two
 From where she first was cast,
 At length she gained with much ado,
 And gazed around aghast ;

For every way she turned her sight,
 Still, still that boundless main,
 Bright, dancing in the clear sunlight—
 A vast untrodden plain.

And on the land nor man nor cot
 Relieved the solitude ;
 No little nurtured, fertile spot,
 But all was nature crude.

Now hope died quite within her breast
 Of mortal present aid,
 And on that island she must rest
 A lonely, heart-sick maid.

“At least,” she thought, “I will preserve
 All from the wreck I can,”
 And set to work, with hand and nerve,
 In furtherance of her plan.

From day to day, while thus engaged,
 More tranquil she became ;
 Again of good, her heart presaged,
 Her dreams confirmed the same.

For oft in sleep her William’s voice
 Came whispering on her ear ;
 It bade her constant heart rejoice,
 Her drooping spirit cheer.

With him in dream-land now she roves
 O’er fresh and fertile vales,
 Through meadows green, and shady groves,
 Listening the nightingales.

Again that little cottage porch,
 With roses bound, they view ;
 Again in sleep has fancy’s torch
 Lighted the past anew.

Full oft she woke from dreams like these
 To wildness and despair ;
 At other times they soothe and please,
 And drive away her care.

For months together Nature smiled,
 Till wearisome her smile ;
 Stern frowning peril had beguiled
 Remembrance for the while.

But oh ! the cold, lethargic gloom
 Of solitary grief,
 Without the quiet of the tomb
 To bring the mind relief !

Morn breaks the same on good or ill,
 And night engulfs the day,
 Weeks, months, and years their course fulfil,
 And nought shall make them stay.

The tortured, burning heart must bear,
 While time runs smoothly on,
 And some shall sink 'neath sorrow's wear,
 Some bide till grief has flown.

Alone upon that rocky isle
 Life's breath still Mary drew ;
 And many seasons bloomed the while,
 But none of aspect new.

.

Expectantly did William wait
 For that lost ship meantime,
 And none could certify its fate,
 Though fear with fact did chime.

And he his freedom well had earned
 By dint of solid worth ;
 And fortune on him kindly turned
 When most she threatened dearth.

The lost signed paper had been found,
 And, brought by sickness low,
 Fenn had his guilty conduct owned
 And made the world to know.

Ere justice could on him exert
 Her retributive sway,
 Death came his power to assert,
 And swept the guilt away.

Still William lingered in that land
 Where he in bondage came ;
 Now wealth and place he could command,
 And a respected name ;

Nor could it quit whilst hope believed
 His Mary on the main ;
 For kindling fancy oft relieved
 His watchful, weary brain.

But when at length, like fading dreams,
 Hope shaded into air,
 And fancy crowned her passing gleams
 With phantoms of despair,

And after long and dull suspense
 That bore his manhood down,
 He pined to see the home from whence
 His faithful love had flown.

'T would soothe his heart once more to view
 The scenes to both so dear ;
 Imagination ever drew
 Her soul awaiting there.

And so he sails for England's shore,
 And lighter heaved his breast ;
 He felt as though they'd meet once more
 Now he was ocean's guest.

And lithesomely the vessel braves
 The freshening of the breeze,
 And dances o'er the lifted waves
 With gay and graceful ease.

She bore him on with right good speed
 Some thousand miles or so,
 And nothing did their course impede,
 So steadily they go.

But on the sea, as on the shore,
 Peace will not always reign ;
 And grumbling storms begin to roar,
 And winds their rage unchain.

They seize upon the lonely bark
 And toss it to and fro ;
 Whilst follows still the greedy shark,
 Death watching from below.

Destruction rides the furious gale
 And points the lightning's dart ;
 Their force conjoined, how weak and frail
 The power of man to thwart !

But land they hail ! oh joyful sight !
 Perchance some harbour's near ;
 And that is sure a beacon light
 Whence flickering flames appear !

All dreadful now, the wind on speeds
 The panting ship too fast ;
 The masts are bent like flexile reeds
 And bow beneath the blast ;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 Sharp hissing as they fly ;
 And over head the thunders roll
 And crash the splitting sky.

The mast is struck, the quick flames play,
 With forkéd, pliant tongue,
 About each thing they make their prey,
 And rise the clouds among.

With hottest haste the boats are manned,
 And, struggling through the gloom,
 They near the beacon-lighted strand,
 And cheat the yawning tomb.

But, ere they reach the friendly shore,
 Loud bellows o'er the deep
 The ship, in one loud dying roar,
 Then headlong sinks to sleep.

.

'Twas Mary lit that beacon light
 Upon her lonely isle,
 To charm the darkness from the night
 And glad the gloom awhile.

She saw the vessel tempest-toss'd,
 Hoped there 'twould shelter seek ;
 And strove, with fear to see all lost,
 To guide it to the creek.

And now the exhausted sailors near,
 With hopes of life to save,
 And now engulfed they disappear,
 Now rise on crested wave.

At length they all are landed safe,
 Though wretched and forlorn ;
 For still the winds did howl and chafe,
 And distant was the morn.

But one did Mary's care bespeak
 Above the hardier crew,
 For he was languid, faint, and weak,
 And her compassion drew.

She led him where, in inmost cave,
 Her rugged couch was spread,
 Where murmurs from the distant wave,
 Their soothing influence shed ;

And left him with the best she had
 For succour and repose ;
 Then tired awaits the morning glad,
 For joy it shall disclose.

She knows not why so restless she
 To learn how fared her guest ;
 But, when day breaks upon the sea,
 She hies of him in 'quest.

Perehance some magic spell between
 Their spirits had revealed
 The truth, corporeally unseen,
 Which darkness held concealed.

Oh ! guess, ye who have hearts to love,
 And constancy to wait,
 What bliss description's power above
 Their bounding souls elate !

No more on earth they'll part again
 While life remains their own ;
 How light seems every other pain
 To that they both have known.

While yet engaged in converse sweet,
 Ere half each tale was told,
 A wild halloo, the rocks repeat,
 Breaks from the sailors hold.

A ship that through the angry night
 Had weathered every ill,
 And seen the conflagration bright
 And beacon on the hill,

Now neared the shore to learn the fate
 Of those who signals made,
 And, if it came not now too late,
 To offer needful aid.

Warm welcomed was the valiant band,
As might expected be,
With heartfelt cheer, and grasping hand,
And strong sincerity.

In haste embarked each living soul
From off the rocky isle,
And o'er the waters gladly roll
To greet dear England's smile.

And then did William claim for bride
His own true love at last ;
And Mary, by his faithful side,
Forgot her sorrows past.

LINES ON CALUMNY:

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF AN INVIDIOUS ATTACK, MADE
THROUGH THE PUBLIC PRESS, ON ONE WHO STANDS DE-
SERVEDLY HIGH, NOT IN POSITION ONLY, BUT IN THE ESTI-
MATION OF ALL GOOD MEN.

IT matters not how small the spark may be,
 It shall perchance ignite a battery !
 One evil tongue, with mischievous design,
 To ruin may and misery consign ;
 May bring on honour's spotless truth disgrace,
 Garbling the beauties that it can't efface ;
 As surely as the spark can raise a flame,
 Spreads the contagion of a wounded name.
 The instigator first but barely breathes
 The venom which to others he bequeathes,
 And these the weak and vicious make its prey,
 Infecting them at tea, or cards, or play.
 On rumour's wing the slander swiftly flies,
 Till credited by e'en the good and wise ;
 These doubt at first, and, doubting, disbelieve,
 But oft-repeated tales at length deceive.
 So stealing comes the Asiatic scourge,
 Invoking first but one funeral dirge ;

Then, as contamination fast prevails,
 The feeble and the profligate assails,
 Until, at length, the sober man and strong
 Is added to the accumulated throng ;
 But not without a struggle yields his breath,
 And sinks into the common arms of death.
 If calumny its hateful front exposed,
 Full soon its range would be curtailed, foreclosed;
 But in mysterious folds it covert lies,
 Shaping such likely forms as might arise.
 So ladies veil in half-transparent gauze,
 Which mystifies each charm and smoothes the flaws,
 Leaving the fancy to improve at will,
 And the half-imaged, half-viewed picture fill.
 If man, or woman either, have to start
 For any port on life's all various chart,
 Where most the shoals and shallows dangerous lie,
 Or rocks abound, with tempests ever nigh ;
 If to their task a higher grace they bring,
 Of virtue, talent, or some simpler thing ;
 If well the bark they guide and trim the sail,
 To stem the current and resist the gale ;
 Or if their course be one ordained by fate
 Above, or differing from a common state :
 Enough ! the dragon rouses from its lair,
 Detraction hisses, and pollutes the air.
 Black envy, parent of so dark a child,
 In Satan glowed when Eve on Adam smiled,
 As hand in hand through Eden's blissful bowers
 They passed uncounted time, unnumbered hours ;

Whom golden morn to careless toil awoke,
 Both health and rest sufficient to invoke,
 And dusky evening, with her veiling shade,
 Proffered repose on couch of roses made ;
 Whom Nature with her richest stores regaled,
 Nor pallid want, nor pain, nor grief assailed.
 In serpent form the hell-god plied his art
 To soil and vitiate the human heart,
 To drag down man from that so favoured lot,
 To share the degradation Satan's sins begot.
 And not contented, though this victory gained,
 With envious eye is grudged what's still retained.
 If man is happy and esteemed by man
 On earth, his life's too bright, though short its span;
 So to disturb what he can ne'er enjoy,
 Slander he finds the fittest to employ,
 Of Envy's children, from its very birth,
 The meanest, *littlest*, vice that's known on earth ;
 So mean, because its coward voice is heard,
 To spring from meanest 'mongst the meanest herd ;
 So little, for its poor and paltry aim
 Is 'gainst that most defenceless thing—a name.

SONNET.

ARISE, fair Cynthia, light thy silver lamp
At Day's obstructed beam,—now night. On thee,
Dispersing chilly cloud and vapour damp,
Phœbus, unseen, shall still refulgent be.
Illume the placid bosom of the sea
With liquid spangles from thy shining bow,
And softly touch the hill-top and the lea,
And the full river in its downward flow,
And the wild woods that shade the vale below ;
Pour thy pale rays upon the silent hour,
Unbroken, save by winds which, to and fro,
Pass music, and one little bird's sweet power,
Awakening echo in the vaulted blue,
With lays it dedicates to love and you.

SONNET.

(IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.)

SAY! whence the tremors which unnerve my frame,
When Colin's flattering tongue assails mine ear,
When honeyed sighs his fervid love proclaim,
Or falls for me the passion-parted tear?
'Tis not the soft contagion that I fear,
But only grief, to cause such cruel smart;
This makes my bosom throb when he is near,
This sinks me all in sadness when we part.
What turns the word "adieu" to barbéd dart,
Piercing the flood-gates of my pent-up soul,
And through sight's ports, with force o'er-mastering art,
Compels the unwilling waters downward roll?
Alas! too well my tyrant I desery,
Too much love's slave, in vain I him deny.

SONNET.

YE torpid buds that slept the frigid hours,
Snow-wrapped and bound in Winter's iced embrace,
Unfold your crumpled leaves and shrouded flowers,
And with a gladsome, renovated face,
Re-garland Nature forth in varied grace.
Wake, primrose, daffodil, and violet blue,
And verdant quick, and golden gorse ; apace
Come, cowslips, forth ; ye star-pinked daisies, strew
The green enamel with your silver hue ;
Thy bower leave, O lily of the vale !
And, glistening o'er with diamond drops of dew,
Display thy clustering beauties drooping pale ;
Come, all your blooming treasures bounteous bring
To deck the brow of summer-opening Spring.

SONNET.

GIVE place, ye early blossoms, fade away ;
Let honeysuckles scent the languid air,
And roses' bloom usurp the sweets of May ;
Let perfumed lilies lift their crests so fair ;
And every hot-house plant that's rich or rare
Shall revel now, in brightest robe arrayed,
Within the limits of the gay parterre.
Their rival charms by zephyr's breath displayed,
And vainer by the sun's hot kisses made,
Shall trembling blush beneath his mighty power,
Until at length their beauties singly fade
And other buds replace each fallen flower,
Giving a quick succession of delights,
To Summer's glowing days and short-lived nights.

TO MY MOTHER.

My Mother dear, when night's dark shade
 Enwraps me, on my pallet laid,
 And busy day-light turned aside,
 Leaves thought to ramble far and wide,
 With memory tracing o'er and o'er
 The hours that can return no more,
 Then foremost, 'midst the happiest, shine
 Those passed with thee—O Mother mine,
 Before the toil of life began,
 And smoothly yet its waters ran,
 Through basking banks, and scented reeds,
 O'er shining sands, through sunny meads,
 Scarce ruffled by such summer sighs,
 As breathe beneath the calmest skies;
 Or, if they skimmed the surface o'er,
 But left it crystal as before.
 When silence reigns o'er all around,
 Ere sleep has yet my senses bound;
 Obedient to my fancy's call,
 Thy look, thy voice, thy gestures all,
 Awake, my lonely hours to cheer,
 And soothe me, as thyself wert near;
 Thy kindly smile is on thy face
 Suppressing every sorrow's trace,

Lest thou shouldst wound another's heart,
 Or aught but peace and joy impart ;
 Thy music on the dusky air,
 Floats here and there and everywhere,
 In tones on which I used to dwell,
 In infancy, and loved so well !
 Thy favourite flowers I see thee twine,
 The violet, rose, and jessamine,
 With other blossoms sweet as bright,—
 I scent them on the air of night !
 I feel thy kisses on my brow,
 As sleep is stealing o'er me now ;
 Thy blessing sends my soul to rest,
 Oh ! Mother, dearest loved—and best.

1847.

TO MY SON.

Now one-and-twenty years have cast
 Their fleeting shadows o'er the past ;
 And one-and-twenty springs have seen
 The earliest daisy on the green ;
 And one-and-twenty summers sped,
 With all their choicest blossoms fled ;
 And one-and-twenty autumns flown,
 The scared leaves by their breezes blown ;
 And one-and-twenty winters rolled
 In snowy storm and frosty cold :

Yes! one-and-twenty years have run
Since first thy life, my child, begun;
Since first thou blessed thy mother's sight,
In rosy, baby beauty bright.
So bounding hope each care beguiled,
That even pain and anguish smiled,
When thou into her arms wert given,
And hailed as choicest boon of Heaven.
And now, my son, with pleasure true
Thy childhood's course I can review,
And look upon each bygone year,
Nor for the hopeful future fear;
With noble instincts, kindly heart,
From honour's paths thou'lt ne'er depart.
Would that a mother's prayer had power
To guard thee in each failing hour;
To turn aside the ills of life,
The outward harm and inward strife;
From sickness to protect thy frame,
And every evil thought could name;
Then should thy course be smooth and fair,
Nor rocks nor shoals should meet thee there,
But Fortune waft thee on thy way,
And reason guide thee day by day,
While Truth should with his honest light
O'er lengthened years shed honours bright.

A DAY'S RAMBLE FROM LONDON.

(APRIL, 18. . .)

AURORA robed in mist arose
 And waked us from our soft repose ;
 Then, first to scan the approaching day
 We watched for morning's golden ray,
 The which, though veiled, good promise gave
 Of weather we would wish to have.
 The early meal is scarcely o'er,
 When out we sally from the door ;
 Through dusty square and watered street,
 We onward, nor obstruction meet ;
 Then through the park our way we wend
 And presently a cab ascend,
 Which carries us in safety through,
 The suburb and the turnpike too,
 Whose keeper wisely seeks to learn
 " If we return in that concern."
 The sun now shines in glorious might,
 Dispersing vapours left and right,
 Till not a fleecy cloud is seen
 In all the vast and blue serene.
 Each villa, bathed in radiant light,
 Smiles forth upon our gladdened sight,

With little garden neatly dress'd,
 Inviting to repose and rest ;
 But onward we, and onward still,
 Until we come to Hampstead hill.
 Here we alight and pace along,
 Nor fear our steps will lead us wrong.
 They bring us to the top at last,
 And every way our gaze is cast.
 Upon our right beneath our eyes,
 Behold ! the enormous city lies,
 Clad in its own eternal fog,
 Suiting a Gog or a Magog,
 But suits not those who dearly love
 The breeze that's wafted from above ;
 I freely own I should not care
 If ne'er again I breathed its air.
 More pleasing to the left are seen
 The meadows in their early green ;
 Though still undecked the trees appear,
 They're tinted with the hues they'll wear,
 For spring is budding forth in haste,
 Nor leaves the sunny hours to waste,
 But onward creeps, so that you may
 Her progress mark from day to day.
 But little time we loiter here,
 But hasten to an inn that's near,
 And bid our host of country fare
 By two o'clock our meal prepare ;
 Then to the heath at once we run
 And bask us in the glowing sun,

Whose beam, with wide extending power,
 Makes glad some all from man to flower.
 The Persian's faith appears to me
 At least no vain idolatry !
 And here we rest, I sketch the scene
 Whilst Colin smokes and talks between ;
 We feel that our real hopes and wishes
 Are not for worldly power and riches,
 But to enjoy full nature's store
 And revel in her wondrous lore,
 To read her book in meadow green,
 In peaceful vale, or mountain scene,
 Or deep within the forest glade,
 Where flickering falls the chequered shade,
 On barren cliff by wild sea-shore,
 Whilst listening to the ocean's roar.
 But see ! the time advances fast,
 Such hours as these go swiftly past,
 And we must to our rural meal,
 For hungry sure must Strephon feel ;
 But first we'll walk the garden through,
 So nicely trimmed and gravelled new.
 These arbours for the poor man's ease,
 That he his wife and child may please,
 Do more his happiness promote
 Than all that bishop ever wrote.
 Our table spread in neat array
 Now calls us from such thoughts away ;
 Of ham and eggs quite freshly laid,
 See, what a glorious luncheon's made,

And bread and cheese we have besides,
With butter, ale, and radishes;
The wine, too, must not be forgot,
'Tis sherry called, though it is not.
We wait until the time draws near
When we our course must homeward steer,
And linger still upon our way,
Sorry to close so bright a day.

LINES ON RECOVERING A FAVOURITE
DOG, WHICH HAD BEEN STOLEN.

Oh! would that thou couldst tell the tale,
My little Nobby dear,
Of all the ills that thee befel
When no fond friend was near.

How first thy faithful heart was bribed
To wander from the door,
A few short steps to look about;
For nought could tempt to more.

What cruel snare was laid for thee
To catch thee from thy home,
And bear thee mute, despairing, where
Thy mistress might not roam?

But sure thy wordless voice was raised
To call on her for aid,
To whom in every want or fear
Thy answered plaint was made.

Perchance some coward aimed the blow
Stunning thy 'wilder'd head,
Or drove thee from each well-known spot
Whilst thou in panic fled.

Where passed thy nights, at home so warm?
Uncared for, where thy days?
Did voices greet thee harsh and rude,
Or children urge to frays?

Who robbed thee of thy silvery chain ?

Who cut thy rounded brow ?

What heartless wretch, to claim reward,

Cared not to wound, nor how ?

Were thoughts of home obscured in thee ?

The gnawing want of food,

By drug that stupified to rest

And quelled thy active mood ?

For, oh ! how thin and weak thy frame,

How long thy heavy sleep,

How all-begrimed thy silken coat,

And mudded thick and deep !

For thou, again restored to me,

Once more art by my side ;

Again to me thy speaking eyes

Thy wants and love confide.

But sore I missed thee, little friend,

And fretted for thy pain,

And feared that I should never hear

Thy cheerful bark again.

And thy kind master, too, was sad—

His was a double care ;

He sorrowed for thy loss untoward,

And in my grief took share.

I know that death one day must part

Thy constant heart from me ;

But still I trust to kindly tend

Thy life till that must be.

Then careful be, my doggy dear,
 Nor from thy mistress stray ;
 I scarce dare own how pained I was,
 When thou wert stolen away.

ODE IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

(JANUARY 1, 1854.)

BEHOLD ! where Cæsar's hill is robed in snow,
 White are the valleys and the plains below ;
 The trees are silvered o'er both branch and spray ;
 By frost arrested is the streamlet's play.
 The blazing hearth with coal and wood supply,
 With social cheer we'll winter's cold defy.
 Then up, James, call choice friends around our board,
 And spread the best our village means afford.
 What though no rich display of plate we boast,
 Nor costly ware, from China's distant coast ?
 Nor yet our glasses from the last new mould ?
 Yet shall the glowing wine be rich and old ;
 And though no foreign artist dress our feast,
 The best of English fare we'll have at least ;
 Our souls inspired by mirth and song shall make
 The evening from the morrow's morning take ;
 So let us then our present hours enjoy,
 Nor thoughts of coming time our minds employ,
 But carelessly futurity consign
 To Providence—whate'er it may design.

TRANSLATION.]

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 5.

WHAT slender youth, 'midst roses soft,
 All scented suffused, O Pyrrha fair,
 In pleasant cave woos thee? with care
 For whom bind'st thou thy yellow hair,

So simply neat? Of faith, how oft,
 And changeful gods, will he complain,
 And shall, rough with black winds, the main
 His wonder, unaccustomed, gain,

Who now charmed, trusts thee, golden all;
 Who hopes thee ever free and kind,
 Unknowing of the treacherous wind!
 Unhappy those thy splendours blind,

As yet untried! The sacred wall
 Declares, in votive picture, me
 To have my dripping robes to thee
 Hung up, O potent god of sea!

[TRANSLATION.]

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 9.

SEEST thou Soracte, deep in snow, stands white,
The labouring woods can scarce sustain their weight,
And sharp the frost arrests the river's flight.

Let logs in plenty on the fire combine
The cold to scare, with free-drawn four year wine,
O Thaliarchus ! from the jar Sabine.

To gods the rest ! who making calm to be,
The winds contending with the boiling sea,
Nor mountain ash shall shake, nor cypress tree.

From seeking what to-morrow haps abstain,
The days that fortune gives, place thou to gain,
Nor gentle loves, my boy, nor dance, disdain.

White age afar, and thou robust, review
The Campus Martius and the halls anew,
And whispers soft at night's fixed hour renew.

Now also seek, by pleasant laugh betrayed,
In spot remote, to snatch from hiding maid
The pledge, from arm or finger, shamly staid.

[TRANSLATION.]

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 11.

SEEK not, ('tis wrong), what end for me or thee
The gods provide ; nor thou, Leuconoë,
The Babylonian numbers try : best bear
What shall be, whether us may Jupiter,
Or many winters, or this one ordain
The last, which shivers, now, the Tuscan main
Against the opposing rocks ; be wise, drink wine,
Thy length of hope to shortest span confine.
Whilst speaking now, invidious time hath flown—
Seize on the day, nor trust the coming one.

[TRANSLATION.]

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 37.

POUR now the wine, now timely beat
The earth with free and dancing feet ;
With Salian banquet now 'tis thine,
My friends, to deck the couch divine.

One time 'twas wrong from ancient cave
Cæcuban wine to move and have ;
That time the Queen mad death had planned,
And woe for Capitol and land.

Surrounded by a troop of men,
Diseased, degenerate, and mean,
She, drunk of hope and fortune, reeled
Imbecile ; but her fury quelled,

When scarce one ship was safely brought
The conflagration through ; distraught
With Marcot fumes, to terrors true
She woke. From Italy she flew,

Pressed hot by Cæsar's ready oars.
(So tender dove from hawk that soars,
Or timid hare, the hunter strains
O'er Hæmonia's snowy plains.)

To bonds the fateful monster he
Had doomed—a nobler aim claimed she,
Nor, woman-like, she feared the steel,
Nor distance sought with cutting keel.

To view her palace calm she dared,
Laid low, nor savage serpent feared,
But grasps, while drink her veins and heart
Black venom from its angry dart.

She, death determined, fiercer still ;
Liburnian bonds, as worst of ill,
She hated, nor would humbled bend
One triumph to her foes to lend.

[TRANSLATION.]

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 38.

I HATE, boy, Persia's rich parade,
Chaplets with shredded linden made;
Seek not the rose where late displayed;
For me, let nought entwine
With sprigs of simple myrtle tree—
Myrtle becoming is to thee
Who serves, as, drinking, 'tis to me
Beneath my leaf-thick vine.

[TRANSLATION.]

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 9.

Hor.—Whilst I was pleasing unto thee,
 Nor yet did any youth with arms enfold
 Thy neck so white, preferred to me,
 Than I, not Persia's king more blessings told.

Lyd.—Ere yet another fired thee more—
 Nor after Chloe prized was Lydia;
 Then Lydia's name high honour bore,
 More famed lived she than Roman Ilia.

Hor.—Mc Cretan Chloe governs now,
 In sweet tones versed, and kens the harp to play;
 For whom I fear not death to know,
 The fates but spare her soul in life to stay.

Lyd.—And me, with mutual torch has lit,
 Calais, Ornithus of Thuria's son—
 For whom I'd twice to death submit,
 The fates but spare the youth to still live on.

Hor.—What if returns the former love?
 The severed joins with brazen yoke once more;
 If yellow Chloe I remove
 And to rejected Lydia ope the door?

Lyd.—Though brighter than the stars is he,
 Thou than cork more light, and more irate
 Than cruel Adriatic sea,
 With thee I'd live, with thee I'd death await.

[TRANSLATION.]

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 13.

BLANDUSIA's fount, than glass more sparkling bright,
 Rich wine to thee is due, with flowers dight ;
 To-morrow thine shall be a kid,
 Turgid with budding horns his head ;
 And love and battles both designs in vain,
 Since the life-blood shall flow and purple stain
 Thy current cold, of him so late
 Of the amorous herd the mate ;
 Thy depths, the fierce and burning dogstar's hour
 Can never touch ; thy coolness, sweet and pure,
 The ploughing wearied ox invites,
 And, hither wandering sheep delights.
 Thou, too, 'midst famous founts shalt noted be,
 The whilst thy poet sings the holm-oak tree,
 Above the hollow rocky steep,
 From whence thy babbling waters leap.

[TRANSLATION.]

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 22.

GUARDIAN of wood and mountain high,
Virgin who, thrice the damsel's cry
In labour heard, bidd'st death to fly ;
 O triform goddess, take,
As thine, the pine my house hangs o'er,
On which each year the blood of boar,
Pondering stroke oblique, I'll pour,
 Glad sacrifice to make.

ENIGMA.

IN darkness I'm seen—but yet not in the night;
 In the ray of the sunbeam—but not in the light;
 I'm heard in the breeze, as it murmurs along,
 And the streamlets in rippling the sound too
 prolong ;

I roll in the thunder and growl in the storm,
 And the pattering raindrops reveal you my form.
 But hushed in the wind and becalmed on the sea,
 Though mountains in height the white billows
 may be ;

And the lightning itself has no knowledge of me;
 The snow as it stealthily tumbles it down,
 And the ice in its coldness, alike me disown.

At morn with the lark I uprise in the air,
 And to roost with the robin I also repair ;
 The nightingale's note is too flowing for me.
 Too soft is the hum of the yellow-legged bee ;
 With rooks and with ravens I love to rejoice,
 But fly the sweet linnet's melodious voice :

I dwell then, in short, with the fresh and the
 fair,

With the creatures of earth and the spirits of
 air ;

Through regions infernal I revel and roam,
(In Heaven, alas ! I am never at home.)
But in churches I rest and in prayer too am
 heard,
Yet neither with good nor with bad to be feared,
Though in wrong and in right I have always
 appeared.

ENIGMA.

A SPIRIT there is—to which all men lay claim—
Not possessing, yet still demand credit the same;
To tell one he wants it—at once makes him your foe,
Though too well he knows what you say to be so;
All nature proclaims it and bends to its rule,
All (save the wicked or weak-minded fool).
The stars in their brightness—the night in its gloom,
The summer in all its luxuriant bloom,
The waves as they yield to the moon's gentle sway,
And the sun, as he journeys on, day after day.
Without it all science were futile and vain,
Quite useless the compass in crossing the main;
Its search is the object of all that are wise,
But often, though simple, their search it defies;
This spirit so fair, is the first we instil
Into infancy's heart, to protect it from ill;
'Tis the touchstone of worth, of high honour, and fame,
And friendship without it deserves not the name;
It is often abused in the loving and kind,
Who trust to the lip for this test of the mind;
But always on genuine love it attends,
Its affection increasing—its confidence lends;
It comes from high Heaven—a spirit divine,
A spirit that charms us—wherever it shine.

ENIGMA.

IT was placed in the cradle and left on the floor,
Was laid on the table—but far from the door ;
It is learnt by the scholar, in lessons at school,
And used on the slate and in lispings the rule ;
In light it is seen both of candle and lamp,
But not in the sun's—and though shunning the
 damp,
And water, and wet, yet in liquids it dwells ;
And though not in most ponds, it is found in
 all wells,
But not at the bottom, where truth they say
 lies,
Nor yet at the top which reflects the bright
 skies ;
But just look in the middle and there you will
 see
Itself shining through, quite as plain as can be ;
By love it is seen, although he may be blind,
And is ever in fault as you quickly will find ;
It is found in the lost—and lost in the found,
'Tis paid with a shilling but not with a pound.

ENIGMA.

My *first* fronts all danger, and devils and dread,
With hundreds 'tis buried, and dwells with the
dead.

My *second* you scent in the sweet rose's bloom,
And see it full oft in the cold hollow tomb.

My *third*, you in nothing will find, as I fear,
Though in notes it resounds to the listening ear.

My *fourth*, in all kindness is sure to exist,
It forms part of the knuckles, but not of the fist.

My *fifth* is of every time and each place,
It leads on in evil, and ends in disgrace,

My *sixth* you may view, I am sure, in your eye,
If not there just now, 'twill be in bye and bye.

My *whole* is a quiet and innocent thing ;
But provoke it too much, it will give you a fling.

THE END.



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